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PETER BÖENER'S LIFE OF BACON

[We have been furnished with a copy of Böener's Dutch edition of Bacon's "Essays" (Leyden, 1647) referred to by a correspondent in our last issue. For the translation which is here given we are indebted to the courtesy of Professor J. d'Aulnis de Bourouill, of Utrecht University. No previous translation, as far as we are aware, has been made of this record.—ED.]

THIS great light is born in England, at London, in the year 1560—a nobleman of ancient descent—and has, firstly, by his diligent assiduity attained the degree of Advocate or Doctor of both Laws. Few years later, by reason of his virtues and great gifts, is he chosen Syndicus of the King, who is the King's spokesman to Parliament. He now continually growing in wisdom is by James, King of Great Britain, and also by the Parliament, chosen to be High Chancellor of England and Keeper of the Privy Seal of the King, to whom many affairs of jurisdiction have their appeal from divers provinces, towns and places—to have them again looked over by him and have his verdict anew. Of this task he acquitted himself in a way that all eyes were fixed on him, and that many foreign kings, potentates and ambassadors honoured him greatly when they had to present their embassies

and lay their requests before the King and thereupon expected answer from the King by him. Further, showing himself as a second Seneca, or as a light of the world, he first became suspect to some learned men in his country, but by divers authors in Italy, France, Germany, the Netherlands, highly esteemed, and often greeted by them in letters, some of which I have seen and read, as also the answers to the same. Once the last line of one of these ran—*perge ut cepisti me, præcipere autem veritatem, amare.* He thus excelling in wisdom and eloquence and surpassing all (*ut et Libri et acta probant*), was therefore lastly envied by many imitators in his own country as a phœnix who had no equals and like a prophet who seldom receiveth honour in his own country. Of these before-told things his books give sufficient evidence, as, amongst others, also his *Historia Ventorum*, his *Historia Naturalis et Experimentalis*, his *Instauratio Magna*, and so forth, and which last (what more is) he did publish in the midst of his greatest offices during his chancellorship, as can be seen and remarked in his Preface to the King (to whom the work was dedicated), where he says:—

"Serenissime Potentissimeque Rex,—Poterit fortasse Majestas tua me furti incusare quod tantum Temporis, quantum ad hæc sufficiat, Negotiis tuis suffuratus sim, non habeo quod dicam; Temporis enim non fit restitutio; nisi forte quod detractum fuerit Temporis Rebus tuis, id Memoriæ, Nominis tui, et Honori sæculi tui reponi possit, etc.," which books denote that he was grafted on philosophy and philosophy on him, and all high schools and academies who saw and read these works bear evidence to the same that they never have been able to write about those matters in such a way nor in a better style. Regarding his *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, certain learned and wise men said: He who made that book knew all that a man could, or even

could wish to know, and they were desirous to see his principal work named *Novum Organum*. The author has, besides, left yet a number of manuscripts under the keeping of the Honourable Agent of England—now in the Hague—as his Honourable told me. This is also noteworthy in him, that both high wisdom and high offices were at the same time with him; it is doubtful if this could have been so with anyone in such a high degree. On this account he can the more be held *rari quid*, hereby holding a State, as there was none greater under the Crown; holding open house and free kitchen; also a retinue of servitors (sometimes a hundred or more persons, when he had invited some ambassadors or grandees) being thereto partly bid by the honour of the king. In the winter he resided in London, in the summer in the country—about half-a-day's journey from thence, near to his vice-countyship of St. Albans, at his Seigneurial Verulam—this being a very beautiful and pleasant place, where sometimes were seen together forty or fifty coaches of gentlemen and lords coming to take counsel with him and to perform their affairs and matters of business.

Here a word concerning his memory must needs be told. I have never seen him having a book in his hand; only that he sometimes charged either his chaplain or me to look in such and such an author—how he described this or that in such or such a place—and then, what he had thought in the night or had invented, in the morning early he bid us write. And about the difference of nationalities he once said that the Dutch in England were wiser than the wisest of the Netherlands, and that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are, and so on.

But how runneth man's fortune? He who seemed to occupy the highest rank is, alas! by envious tongues near King and Parliament deposed from all his offices

and chancellorship, little considering what treasure was being cast in the mud, as afterwards the issue and the result thereof have shown in that country. But he always comforted himself with the words of Scripture—*nihil est novi;* that means "there is nothing new." Because, so is Cicero by Octavianus; Calisthenes by Alexander; Seneca (all his former teachers) by Nero; yea, Ovid, Lucanus, Statius (together with many others) for a small cause very unthankfully—the one banished, the other killed, the third thrown to the lions. But even as for such men banishment is freedom—death their life; so is for this author his deposition a memory to greater honour and fame, and to such a sage no harm can come. This was also proved later. When the Parliament was once assembled, and a certain affair was being treated and could not well be brought to an end, King James said, "O, had I my old Chancellor Bacon here, I would speedily have an end to the affair." The only cause for his before-told disfavour with the King and the Parliament is held to be, either his great State, or his enjoyed endowments; whereupon followed that when he entered Parliament with his State and retinue the King, paying attention thereunto, said, "My Chancellor's servants are costlier than mine own; they are beseamed and behung with gold buttons as if it cost no money"; and so on.

I, in March, Anno 1623, departing for Holland, left him with his wife in good health. He was a great amateur of medicines, living particularly for his health *(plures enim gula, quam gladius occidit)*, every morning taking at his breakfast of cremor tartar a scruple, or 22 asen, in a little broth or sauce of a young fowl that I brought him; thereby every week a soft purgation in the evening at 7 o'clock (and soon thereafter some porridge, or sparing meal) of half-an-ounce of rhubarb, with a few grains of schœnanthi, together only soaked

for an hour in wine, then well wrung out without any applying of fire, and awaiting the working of the purgation at 11 or 12 o'clock of the night; and in that time he used to study when all had retired to sleep with the exception of his body-valet only.

To conclude, although his rivals had robbed him of his state, afterwards he carried on the same state as he did before his chancellorship—to stop the mouths of those who spread that he died in a low degree. And to conclude as I began, so it is that whilst his fortunes were so changed, I never saw him—either in mien, word, or acts—changed or disturbed towards whomsoever; *ira enim hominis non implet justitiam Dei*, he was ever one and the same, both in sorrow and in joy, as becometh a philosopher; always with a benevolent allocution—*manus nostræ sunt oculatæ, credunt quod vident.* He was also bountiful, and he would gladly have given more, and also with greater pleasure, if he had been able to do more; therefore it would be desirable (he having died anno 1626, on the 9th April, being old 66 years) that a statue or a bronzen image were erected in his country to his honour and name, as a noteworthy example and pattern for everyone of all virtue, gentleness, peacefulness and patience.

The Discovery at Belvoir Castle

Miss A. A. Leith writes: "The Mr. Shakespeare mentioned may have been Mr. Thomas Shakespeare referred to in Knight's "London," p. 106, Vol. 5, evidently a messenger or carrier used by the Court. His bill extant is for 'chuzez and pains' in delivering Letters for the Queen to the Bishops in 1577. Could the impreso have been some large device or property which came down by special messenger from the theatrical carpenter in London, and had to be repaired and set up in the grounds of the Castle?"

PIERRE AMBOISE'S LIFE OF BACON, PREFIXED TO THE *HISTOIRE NATURELLE*, PARIS, 1631.

WHILE my preceding article was being printed I happened across a notice of this *Histoire Naturelle* in the 1640 edition of the *Advancement of Learning*, which is specially worthy of remark. As all Bacon students know, this edition of the *Advancement* is a translation, by Gilbert Wats, of the original *De Augmentis Scientiarum* first brought out in 1623. Though purporting to be a translation there are many things in the 1640 edition that have no counterpart in the 1623 version, among others a long and important preface by Lord Bacon himself. But what I am particularly interested in is that Gilbert Wats gathered up and printed in the beginning of his book "Testimonies consecrate to the Merite of the Incomparable Philosopher Sr. Francis Bacon, by some of the best learn'd of this instant Age." These "Testimonies" are (naturally) not to be found in the 1623 book; but among these laudations is a selection from the *Histoire Naturelle*. This is what Gilbert Wats says of it:

"Mr. Pierre Amboise, Sr. de la Magdelaine, in his just and elegant discourse upon the life of our author, delivers his censure thus—

"'Judgment and Memory never met in any man in that height and measure they met in him; so as in short time he became Master of all those knowledges which are learnt in schooles.'"

"A page after: 'But as he ever valewed himselfe, rather borne for other men, than himselfe; now that he could not, for want of employment, any longer endow the publique with his Active perfections, he was desirous at least to become profitable in a comtempla-

tive way by his writings and by his books, monuments certainly meriting to find entertainment in all the Libraries of the world and which deserve to be ranged with the fairest works of Antiquity.'"

The foregoing is all from *The Life*, and it is easy to compare the passages above with the translation that I have given in my former article. After this Wats makes a somewhat long extract from the "Advertisement to the Reader" prefixed to the *Histoire Naturelle*, and this is unusually interesting, as Wats makes a very notable departure from the French of my version of the *Histoire*. I will not give the whole of the quotation, as it is somewhat long, but I will give the part where the difference occurs. Gilbert Wats introduces it in this way :—

"The same noble French-man in his Advertisement to our Auctor's Nat. History thus expresses him.

. . . "'But Mon. Bacon not relying upon the meer word and credit of such as went before him, will have experience joined with Reason,* and examines the receiv'd principles of the Schooles, by the effects of Nature, the speculations of the Intellectual Globe by the operations of the Corporale.* By this means he hath found out so many rare secrets, whereof he hath bequeathed us the invention, and made many axioms acknowledged for false, which hitherto have gon current amongst Philosophers, and have bin held inviolable.'"

Now the French corresponding to the foregoing passage is as follows :

"Mais Monsieur Bacon, sans s'arrester aux termes de ceux qui l'ont precedé, a voulu joindre l'experience avec la raison :* Et pour cet effet il avoit une maison de campagne assez proche de Londres qui ne lui servoit qu'à faire ses experiences. En ce lieu il avoit un nombre infiny de vases et de fioles, dont les unes estoient

remplies d'eaux distillees, les autres d'herbes et de metaux en leur propre nature, quelques unes de meslanges et compositions: et les laissant exposees à l'air pendant toutes les saisons de l'annee, il observoit soigneusement les diverse actions du chand et du froid, du sec et de l'humide, les productions et corruptions des simples, et autres effets de la nature.* C'est par ce moyen qu'il a trouvé tant de rares secrets dont il nous a laissé l'invention, et qu'il a fait reconnoitre pour faux tant d'axiomes, qui jusques icy avoient esté tenus pour inviolables parmi les Philosophes."

I have shown by asterisks the English counterpart as given by Wats of the widely different French original. Why should Wats have gone about it to hide this most interesting description of the country house that Bacon had close to London, equipped for his experiments, with its infinite number of vases and phials, filled with distilled water, botanical specimens, and minerals in their native state? It is difficult to see what object could be served by this concealment; and the explanation is as unsatisfactory if we assume that he was quoting from a different edition of the *Histoire*, for why should the editions be changed in this particular? And of course there is not the smallest ground for thinking that there *is* another edition.

In any case the use made by Gilbert Wats of what he terms "the just and elegant discourse upon the life of the Author," is of value as showing that he had read this life, with all the extraordinary statements it contains, and yet did not feel called upon to make any protest against them.

There is also a copy of the *Histoire Naturelle* in the library of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, and on the fly-leaf of the book there is a remark, written in a handwriting of an early period, and in old French, that is of very great interest. I have been favoured with a copy of

this, and I give it both in the original French and in a translation. It is as follows:

"Le Docteur Rawley et Isaac Gruter de Hollande prétendent que le Traducteur de cette *Histoire* y ait ajouté de sou crû plusieurs choses qui estoyent point dans le Manuscrit Anglois dont il s'est servy. Mais il est plus davancer cela que de le prouver: et si l'on vient à lire exactement cette Traduction, on verra clairement, ce me semble, que ce qu'elle a de plus que l'Anglois publié par le Docteur Rawley, ne peut estre que du Chancelier Bacon, et par consequent, que le Traducteur s'est servy d'un Manuscrit plus complet que n'estoit celuy du Chapelain."

S. Codomiez ?
(or) S. Colomies. ?

"Doctor Rawley and Isaac Gruter of Holland, assert that the Translator of this History has added to it from his imagination some things that were entirely absent from the English manuscript with which he was provided. But it is easier to say this than to prove it; and if one reads carefully this translation, one can clearly see, it appears to me, that what there is in it more than in the English version published by Doctor Rawley, can only be from the Chancellor Bacon; and consequently that the Translator has been furnished with a Manuscript more complete than that of the Chaplain."

"S. Codomiez or S. Colomies."

The signature to this interesting memo. is not very distinct, and I have no suggestion to make as to the person. But this certainly seems to show that there was extant an English version that could be compared with the French translation; and this again raises the question as to the fate of this English edition. There is nothing corresponding to it in any of the lists pub-

lished by Rawley or Gruter. This memo. also suggests that Rawley and Gruter must both have been familiar with the book we have been considering, and consequently with the Life prefixed to it, and yet neither—to the knowledge of M. Colomies at any rate—took exception to the statements made therein, and which were so inconsistent with those that Rawley afterwards made when he undertook to write the *Life*. This memo. of M. Colomies' seems to have considerably increased the puzzle surrounding the book.

This *Histoire Naturelle* is also noticed in the third volume, recently published, of the late Rev. Walter Begley's *Nova Resuscitatio;* but he has confined himself almost entirely to the literary view of the subject, and does not appear to have realized the significance of the *Life*.

GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM.

THE SHAKESPEARE SYMPHONY

THE work of recovering the true facts of the Elizabethan Renaissance proceeds very like that of reclaiming marsh land from inroads of the sea. First only small portions are secured and with difficulty defended. Then by special effort a larger tract is gained. Mr. Harold Bayley, author of *The Shakespeare Symphony* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1906) is to be thanked for the broad forward movement of which his volume is the new boundary and, it is to be hoped the safe embankment.

The defect of most early and much present day criticism of the literature of Elizabethan times is its narrowness. Despite many *prima facia* inconsistencies, every ascribed author has been placed in his separate corner and edited; that is to say, he has been charged

with the authorship of the writings bearing his name and a presumptive portion of the anonymous publications of the period. Around this the editor has endeavoured to write some sort of biography. Miserable and inconsequential details of the "author's" life have been scratched from out the kitchen middens of the past and, adapting a remark of Emerson, whether or not the facts of the life could be married to the writings, the ceremony has been attempted. Happily, Mr. Bayley has introduced what may in this connection be called a new method of criticism. Following the advice of Francis Bacon, he has found it "better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light . . . than to go about with a small watch candle into every corner." With labour which must have been enormous and persistence most praiseworthy, he has read and methodically taken notes from a most extensive selection of the important works of the drama, of poetry, and of prose, printed from *circâ*, 1579 to 1660.

Like Mr. H. T. Buckle he has also studied the condition of the people and the state of religion, learning, and morals at the period under review. His picture may perhaps be questioned as too sombre; nothing is ever quite so sad and dark as it may be portrayed. But in showing us the drunken plebians who, furnished with a mere smattering of letters, drifted from the universities to swell the unemployed of London; and exhibiting the debauched careers of many of those who are alleged to have become authors, he has raised the issue as to how such results could have been achieved.

Not only is the actor and deserving man Shakspere found to be "warbling his native woodnotes wild," but a group of other doubtfuls are discovered doing exactly similar things. When, however, these warblings come to be compared, Mr. Bayley finds them a melodious and well-ordered chorus seeking to persuade from the

coarseness of the times, and teaching in wise and frequent sentences a better way.

The "Symphony" reveals the existence of an educational system of a novel kind, composed of homeopathic doses concealed in sweetmeats and continuously administered.

Having satisfied himself that there was ample evidence of design, Mr. Bayley's next search was for the master mind. Was there at this period a man of sufficient intellectual capacity to accomplish the great work? Mr. Bayley identifies Francis Bacon as the man, "he who hath (said Jonson) filled up all numbers . . . he may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language."

Bacon alone had the talent, training, means, and opportunity to conceive, co-ordinate, arrange, and the executive ability and industry to carry out this revived method of instruction, which in his own acknowledged writings he commends as having been effectively and extensively used by the ancients.

The silence and self-suppression so necessary for the success of the method was rigourously observed by Bacon and his assistants. Mr. Bayley gives many proofs of this.

Whether these assistants were at any time banded into a Rosicrucian or Masonic body, as some are inclined to suspect, Mr. Bayley offers no opinion, yet it is rather remarkable to notice that certain of the expressions quoted from Tudor dramatists at page 75 have an intimate connection with Freemasonry. Page 197 has a very interesting extract relative to the same subject.

In summing up his conclusions, Mr. Bayley writes :— "Not only does the Elizabethan drama show throughout that its writers were pervaded by a set of sentiments in common, but, as we have seen, the dramatic intellect seems to have been a giant twin to the philosophic mind of the illustrious Bacon. What relationship, if

any, existed between them ? The answer returned by academic and popular opinion is "none whatever."

Mr. Bayley goes on to refute this opinion and to declare: "The actual truth is that in Shakespeare's plays, as Professor David Masson said upwards of fifty years ago, *before perception had unhappily been blinded by controversy* ['Aye, there's the rub,' Mr. Bayley], we have thought, history, exposition, philosophy — all within the round of the poet. It is as if, into a *mind poetical in form*, there had been poured all the matter that existed in the mind of his contemporary, Bacon."

This towering mind of Bacon has been the source of most of the misunderstanding. Critics have not been able to anticipate his extraordinary capacity or measure his phenomenal powers of execution. Students of the Elizabethan Renaissance must come to it reverentially and with open minds. They are not at liberty to start with the preconceptions that Bacon never prepared for revelations in cipher, nor could not have beaten Lope de Vega, and Dumas in literary productivity. Neither must they permit themselves to scout the suggestion of Bacon's association with Rosicrucian or Masonic schemes. The whole problem must be studied, as Mr. Bayley has done, broadly and thoroughly, laying great store on internal evidence as the safest guide. At page 348 Mr. Bayley quotes a most valuable remark by Mr. Spedding germane to this: "There is a character in language as in handwriting, which it is hardly possible to disguise. Little tricks of thought—like tricks of the hand —peculiarities of which the writer is unconscious are perceptible by the reader. Bacon could write in all kinds of styles. He has succeeded in deceiving the very elect, including Mr. Spedding himself; but we may safely guarantee that had Mr. Spedding any suspicion of Bacon's protean labours he would have been foremost in tracing his handiwork by aid of those very tricks of

thought which, as Mr. Bayley's volume indicates, Bacon could not avoid. The "Symphony" has many examples of this. Mercy, page 76, is generally referred to as an attribute; marriage, page 85, a sacrament; soul, page 86, is associated with essence; money with trash, page 92; death with thousand, page 94; spirit, page 152, with imprisonment in the flesh; life, page 235, with the burning of a taper.

In closing this notice of *The Shakespeare Symphony* one cannot avoid a query as to how it will be received by the pedants who so far have steadily refused to admit an extensive covert share by Bacon in the literature of his generation. "Le garde meurt et ne se rend pas." They may, as Mr. Bayley surmises, use his illustrations for their polemical worth, and seek to show that Shakspere and the other edited and "deserving men" were actual writers who simply used expressions in ordinary currency. This can be only a passing phase. Truth is great and will prevail, though prejudice is obstinate and an unconscionable time a-dying. Library authorities may soon have perchance to cease from sniffing when books on Baconian subjects are offered. Editors will discover that to segregate the writers is the worst way of studying Tudor and Jacobean assumed literature.

Mr. Bayley's reward will not be now. His instructive book, with its full and well-prepared index, will be appreciated by the scholars of another day. In this year, 1906, he will have the satisfaction of feeling that upon a boycotted subject he has brought new light and that we are nearer than before to a truer comprehension of the Elizabethan revival of learning and to the justice due to the dead.

It is only mortal to desire fair recognition of good work done. Three hundred years ago the Unknown recorded:—"I, thinking expedient so to do, now obay

th' Scriptures and caste my very bread to the windes or sowe it on th' waters. How shall it be at the harvest? This wheat must fill up some goodlie garner. Will the golden store—not soon, since time doth slowlie moove, yet at God His right or proper daye of reward—bee mine?"

The Known wrote:—"It is enough for me that I have sowen unto posterity and the Immortal God."

P. W.

The Shakespeare Symphony

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Mr. Harold Bayley's *Shakespeare Symphony* is so startling, contains so much that raises problems and suggests questions, that I think it is extremely important that we Baconians (or those of them who will permit me to be their spokesman) should define as clearly as possible what is, in our opinion, the point of view taken in Mr. Bayley's book. The *Times* reviewer, with a hardihood of assertion eminently characteristic of Shakespearean critics, assumes, as it appears to me, much more than the author claims. His preliminary notice of the book asserts—"Mr. Bayley, who has gifts of study and exposition worthy of a better cause, devotes his work to the bold task of proving that Bacon is responsible for the whole of what he broadly calls 'the Elizabethan drama,' or, to be more exact, that the works of the Elizabethan dramatists all issued from Bacon's *atelier*, though his disciples may have had a hand in some of them."

Now this is simply untrue. Mr. Bayley makes no such claim; not even by inference can it be derived from his book. The case is as follows:—We know that the theatres in Shakespeare's time were haunts of vice and ignorance, of folly and immorality. It seems almost impossible to conceive that the dramas which have come down to us could have been acceptable, or even intelligible, to the rude, uncultured, degraded audiences that gathered in these buildings. And, differing as they do in style, in poetic merit, in dramatic power and interest, these plays are all of them of a highly moral tone, and present rules and ideals of life practically identical. One of the questions to be solved is—What use was made of these dramas, and what is the explanation of their singularly identical sentiments and tendencies? Mr. Bayley's volume, I think, starts the question, but does not answer it. Bacon's influence seems to have presided to some extent over the production of these plays, but they are not his compositions

(speaking broadly and without reference to exceptions). Indeed, many of the plays which seem to bear traces of Bacon's hand did not appear till all those attributed to him had been published, or even after his death. The question is—What share in the way of suggestion, or "touching up" and revision, had Bacon in those passages in the plays which seem to bear his mark?

This is really not a new problem, but an old one. The very able and well-informed writer who signs himself "Vernon Lee," said, tweny years ago, that the audiences of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries went to the theatre "to hear Baconian thoughts in Baconian language" (*Contemporary Review*, August, 1886). And Gifford almost anticipates the "Symphony" programme of Mr. Bayley, and his language is more striking than that of "Vernon Lee," because it is more definite and critical, and has no Baconian background. Speaking of Masinger, he names his contemporaries — Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, Ford, and more particularly Greene, Webster, Peele, Chapman, Middleton, Shirley, Decker, Marston, Daniel, Fulke Greville, and others of hardly inferior mark,—"all of whom spoke nearly the same language and had a set of moral feelings in common. . . . . Never before or since has the earth witnessed such a simultaneous outburst of minds of kindred power." Gifford did not puzzle over this curious "outburst" of many minds cast in the same mould.

I cannot help myself thinking that when the Baconian parallels are numbered and weighed, with due regard to the date of their appearance, their significance as indications of authorship is greatly reduced. Thus, taking the Miscellaneous Similtudes collected in Chapter XII., the entire number is 166. Out of these 76 seem to me of no importance, because of their late appearance; and even of the remaining 90, many of them are too slight to be of any value; and many of them are found in Spenser, whose individuality is beyond question, and whose writings most likely impressed themselves strongly on all the poets and *literati* of his time, Bacon included.

Moreover, I do not find that the Elizabethan dramatists were, as a rule, men of a low and despicable character. Poor Greene is painted in sombre colours: but there is so much romance and fiction in all the records relating to him, that it is not easy to extract from them hard facts. Peele, Nash, Randolph and Day seem to have been somewhat disreputable; but their place in the Elizabethan orchestra is not important—none of them played first fiddle. And if they were of a Bohemian type—out-at-elbows, needy and sorry vagabonds—they were more adapted for use as masks for concealed authors who could pay them for the loan of their garments. On the whole, I am inclined to adopt the very pregnant utterance on this subject which Mr. Bayley himself made in a letter to me—"We Baconians have taken a plunge into a deep pool, and none of us have yet sounded its depths." This is a most apt and felicitous description of the case, and all who study *The Shakespeare Symphony* should recognize the

moderation of the writer.—He does not theorize; he formulates no conclusions; he presents facts, and leaves inferences to be drawn by scholars who are at once capable and unprejudiced. At present Bacon's name is a red rag which rouses the wrath of infuriated critics. But all these boycotting manœuvres are wearing themselves out, and the entire problem of the Renaissance drama must be impartially investigated without the disturbing influence of Baconophobia.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT M. THEOBALD.

WHO WAS THE "NOVERINT"?

GREENE, in his "Farewell to Folly," said: "Others, if they come to write or publish anything in print which, for their *calling and grarity*, are loth to have any profane pamphlets pass under their hands, *get some other to set his name to their verses*. Thus is the ass made proud by *this underhand brokery*. And he that cannot write true English without the aid of clerks of parish churches will need make himself the father of interludes." Then Nash, in *Menaphon*, speaks of those who "leave the trade of Noverint, whereto they were borne, and busy themselves with the endeavours of Art." By *noverint* is probably meant, not merely a scrivener, but one connected with the law.

Who were the imposters referred to by Greene and Nash? Can we not get at their names? Some say Nash refers to Thomas Kyd; but I have yet to learn that Kyd ever followed his father's profession as a scrivener. But we all know that Francis Bacon's father was a lawyer, studied law at Gray's Inn, and was an "ancient" of that honourable Society.

Why cannot some Shakespearian authority trot out, for Baconian edification, a feasible explanation of Greene and Nash's insinuations?

GEORGE STRONACH.

"THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT: A STUDY IN ENIGMATICAL POESY"

AMID all the fires of perplexing theories which have been kindled about the Shakespeare writings, the "Lover's Complaint" seems thus far to have escaped the general conflagration. This is somewhat peculiar in view of the publication of the beautiful poem in connection with the original 1609 edition of the Sonnets, the two poems constituting the thin, unpaged Quarto of that year.

The Sonnets are almost too hot to handle, and the theory that they are allusive, enigmatical or parabolical in their nature, and contain hidden meanings seen in perspective, has gone too far to be quenched by the cold water of oracular literary criticism. But is it possible that the "Lover's Complaint" cannot be saved? Is this disquieting folly, so humiliating to our literary perspicacity and so agitating to our mental composure, to have no end? It would really seem so. And yet, is there anything to feel badly about? If in discovering that Shakespeare was an idealist a new intellectual world has been found for our mental exploitation, is there any valid reason why we should not feel grateful to the discoverers, and, preserving the equipoise of cold reason and common-sense, enjoy the exhilarating prospect?

One thing is approaching certainty, and that is that in any study of poetry of the Shakespeare or pre-Shakespearian periods the element of esoteric writing cannot safely be ignored. Men were still "going in the way of allegory and allusion." Bacon classified poetry into dramatical, narrative, historical, and what in different places is termed allegorical, allusive, parabolical or enigmatical, and Shakespeare seems to have

written according to the same classification. The plays, of course, constitute the class dramatical; in the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* we see the pure narrative form—clear, simple, and without a suggestion of hidden meanings. The Sonnets may fairly be classed as allusive, and where else might we likely find the class allegorical if not in the "Complaint," following immediately, as it did, the Sonnets in its publication? But it is one thing to suggest allegory and quite another to produce the elusive creature where it can be clearly seen, especially where the poet does not, as Dante, Spenser and others did, advertise the allegorical character of their writings to the world. And it must be freely admitted that a first casual reading of the "Lover's Complaint" does not impress the mind with the idea of its hermetic quality, although the general structure of the poem is much out of the ordinary. Ostensibly, a young woman, whose beauty is somewhat faded, laments her seduction by a beautiful and eloquent youth, but in the end frankly confesses that she would probably fall again under the same arts, in the exclamation:—

> "Ah me, I fell, and yet do question make,
> What I should do again for such a sake."

And she affirms that all those eloquent appeals

> "Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed
> And new pervert a reconsiled Maide."

This is surely an ignoble subject for a beautiful art work of forty-eight verses. But from the persistency with which the poet handles the subject of sex-love, it appears that he well knew the principles which governed his art as held by both Bacon and Montaigne, the latter affirming that "Divine poesy doth nowhere fadge so well as in a youthful, wanton and unbridled

subject"; that "licentious poetry embellished the Golden Age, and further adding:—

"I know not who could set Pallas and the Muses at odds with Venus, and make them slow and cold in affecting love; as for me, I see no Deities that better suit together, nor more endebted one to another. Whoever shall go about to remove amorous imaginations from the Muses, shall deprive them of the best entertainment they have, and of the noblest subject of their work: and who shall debar Cupid the service and conversation of Poesie, shall weaken him of his best weapons."

As a mere working theory for a closer examination of this poem, let us assume that the lamenting female depicted here in such detail is a personification of reason or philosophy, who has been seduced by dramatic poesy to herself become a poet. It will be seen with no great straining of the eyes that the setting and characters of the piece begin to take on a somewhat significant appearance. We find a hill, a shepherd, a shepherdess, a stream, a young man with curls who is all afire with eloquence and dramatic action, and who is a wonderful rider. If this is not the Mount of Helicon, the Hippocrene River, shepherd-poets, Apollo, and Pegasos, the horse of the Muses, then the coincidences are most striking. The crucial test is, whether the sentiment and structure of the poem will hold without flaw to these associations of poesy. And, first, is there any ground for conceiving the "lover" and woman to stand for a poet? If Sonnet 20 is given its allusive meaning, this question may fairly receive an affirmative answer, for there the poet states that his genius was first created for a poet ("woman"), and possessed a form ("Hew") which "steales men's (philosophers') eyes and women's (poets') souls amazeth." In sonnet 31 the poet states that the bosom of his friend (his genius) is the grave "hung with the trophies" of his "*lovers gone*," and here again

evidently alluding to dead poets or authors. Observe, also, that it is somewhat unusual to apply the word "lover" to a woman, and yet it is a woman "lover" who here complains.

The references to the age of the "fickle maid" correspond with the references to the age of the poet as found in the Sonnets. She is the "carkass of a beauty spent and done," where "some beauty peeped through lattice of seered age," and the poet in the Sonnets has his "brow filled with lines and wrinkles," time is "stealing away the treasure of his Spring," and in him "glows the fire that on the ashes of his youth doth lie."

This shepherdess (clearly indicated by her rye-straw hat, or "hive of straw" as it is termed in the poem) is introduced weeping over some curious literary productions, which she sadly reads and then gives to the flood to be buried in "sepulchers of mud," just as Prospero proposed to "drown" his "book." The fourth verse almost proves her a poet beyond conjecture, taking Shakespeare's own description of a poet's actions:—

> "Sometimes her leveled eyes their carriage ride,
> As they did battry to the spheres intend;
> Sometimes diverted their poore balls are tide
> To th' orbed earth; and sometime they do extend
> Their view right on, anon their gases lend,
> To every place at once and no where fixt,
> The mind and sight distractedly commixt."

What is this but Shakespeare's poet, who is as mad as the madman and the lover, and whose

> " . . . eye in a fine frenzy rolling
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,"

or the "poetical furies" of Montaigne "which ravish and transport their author beyond himself" and "ran-

sacketh and ravageth the judgment" and constitute "a fury or madness"?

If we are dealing with literary allusions in this poem we may be sure that sooner or later, after the fashion of the Sonnets, we will hear something about "blacke inck," and, of course, here it is, for this lamenting female, after weeping over and tearing up her literary productions, explodes in one line of a very flat, strained and far-fetched emotion, thus:—

"*Ink* would have seem'd more *blacke* and damned here!"

At this point there appears upon the classic scene an "aged blusterer" from the court and city, who has seemingly repented of his ways and gone to raising cattle in the country. He approaches the excited maiden and, seating himself at a modest distance, invites her to disclose the "*grounds and motives* of her woe," and promises "in the charitie of age" to "her suffering extasies asswage."

In the expression, "*grounds and motives*," will be seen—if we are not much mistaken—the sign manual of Francis Bacon. The expression is peculiar and wholly unusual, and it may be questioned if it can be reproduced, with one exception, in all literature. The terms are legal, but it is in the combination that the strangeness lies. It is found only once in all Shakespeare's writings. Peculiarly enough, Bacon is the one who used the same expression, in 1604, in the Preface prepared by him to the "Report of Commissioners for England and Scotland," in the following extract:—

"Secondly, as a matter of nature and unlike the former, we entered into consideration of such limitary constitutions as served but for to obtain a form of justice between the several monarchs, and did in the very *grounds and motives* of them presuppose incursions of hostility."

The melancholy maiden then assures her sympathetic friend that it is not years but sorrow which gives her the appearance of age, and then in fourteen verses describes the personal attractions of the young man who has done her so much harm. This is followed by the same number of verses containing the youth's *verbatim* oration, which she found so irresistible, and that is the last we hear of the fatherly listener and his promised sympathy.

The description of the youth is highly interesting, and but small study is needed to disclose the fact that the language and sentiment of the whole poem are but echoes of the Sonnets themselves—that the poem is woven by the same hand and from the same materials as entered into their construction.

Poetic creation is figured throughout the Sonnets by the word "love," and is personified by the elder Cupid, the Greek god of creation, or love itself, and the allusion to poesy continues in the "Complaint." The last three lines of verse 11 are highly allegorical of a person whose creative genius has been wasted or misapplied in poetic labours, which brought no fame to the author. She says :—

> "I might as yet have bene a *spreading flower*
> Fresh to myselfe, if I had selfe applied
> Love to myselfe and to no Love beside."

She might possibly have exclaimed, in the language of Shakespeare himself, "I am shepherd to another man and do not shear the fleeces that I graze"; or she might have quoted Bacon very aptly as follows :—

> "I have this opinion, that if I had sought my own commendation, it had been fitter course for me to have done as gardeners do, by taking their *seeds*, and rearing them first into *plants*, and so uttering them in pots, when they are in *flower*, and in their best state."

And we must not forget in this connection that the youth is described in verse 26 as one who

"Heard where his *plants* in *other's Orchards grew*,"

and that the afflicted maiden, in verse 22,

"Reserv'd the stalke and gave him al my *flower*."

But, in continuing her confession, she admitted having early listened to the suit of a youth whose natural attractions were such that "maidens' eyes stucke over all his face," and then follows the significant lines:—

"*Love* lackt a *dwelling* and made him her place.
And when in his faire *parts* shee didde abide,
She was *new lodg'd* and newly *Deified*."

This but repeats the Sonnet's description of "eternal Love in Love's *fresh case*" found in number 108, being the new deification of Cupid as representing classic creative poetic art founded upon an interpretation of nature, and has reference to the same "God in love" to whom the poet says he was "confined." Love was "newly *deified*," because love, or Cupid, was a god. Apollo-like, the hair of this young man "did hang in crooked curls," which played about his face, or, as Crashaw wrote:—

"Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs,"

or, as Shakespeare himself says—

". . . Sweet and musicale
As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair."

The "qualities" of this youth were as "beautious as his form," and we will not forget that the "Master Mistres" of the Sonnets has the *complexion* of a woman and the *form* of a man. The youth had a maiden's voice, except when "men moved him," and then he

was like an April storm of sweet but unruly winds, and all this is very suggestive of Apollo's ability. But it was the equestrian skill of the young man which especially excited the admiration of the forlorn shepherdess and which raised a controversy among men that was determined in a most unexpected and perplexing manner. Some men claimed that the horse took his metal from the rider, and that—

> "Proud of subjection, noble by the swaie
> What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stops he makes!"

Others contended that to the animal belonged the credit for such horsemanship. The decision upon the controversy is the most remarkable thing in the whole poem, and, unless we are much mistaken, catches the poet napping in the concealment of his allegory. The decision is given in the 17th verse as follows :—

> "But quickly on this side the verdict went :
> His *reall habitude* gave life and grace
> To *appertainings* and to *ornament*,
> Accomplished in himself, not in his *case :*
> All ayds them-selves made fairer by their place,
> Came for addicions, yet their purposed trimme
> Peic'd not his grace but were all graced by him.

Here the poet completely submerges himself and leaves not a ripple to mark the place where he went down. What, in the name of common-sense, is the verse all about? In what possible manner does such an obscure and irrelevant "verdict" settle the controversy over the man and his horse? What is meant by a "reall habitude"? What would an unreal habitude be in the management of a horse? But why, of all things, should a "reall habitude" give "life and grace" to "*appertainings* and to *ornament*"? What has become of the horse? Appertainings to what? Ornaments of what? And how can appertainings and

ornament possess *life* and *grace?* How could a rider be "accomplished" except in "himself"? And what "case" was this of the horseman in which he was *not* accomplished? Was it the law case in which this remarkable verdict was rendered, or was it the "fresh case" in which "eternal Love," according to the Sonnets, had been placed—the "dwelling" where love was "new lodg'd and newly Deified"? Here are problems enough to give a headache to any doubter of the enigmatical character of this poem. Let us attempt an allegorical interpretation which may seem to be in harmony with our theory and with the requirements of the test.

This poem has a purely classical setting, as have the Sonnets. The young man is Apollo Musagates, the god of poetry, music and eloquence, and the leader of the Muses. The horse is Pegasos, whose leaps, bounds and stops represent the mental labours of the poet. This is a poet of "Nature," and nature, or the natural grace of truth, is his "reall habitude," which gives this life and grace to the appertainings and ornaments of poesy, or to poetic form. It is the same nature-poesy so persistently extolled in the Sonnets. This poet is accomplished in his own truth of nature and not in the superficial "painted rhetoric" of poetical words and phrases—the form in which poesy was cast or the "case" in which it was placed. Yet these poetic forms, appertainings and ornaments were still aids to the poet's art, and were made fairer by the place in which they were used. They came for "addicions" only. They pieced or added not to the natural graces of the poet, but were graced by him. Says Bacon, "*Philosophy* is the second *grace* and *ornament* in life." It seems to be the same mysterious "addition" referred to in Sonnet 20, which, it is there disclosed, wrought the separation between the poet and his genius

"And for a *woman* (poet) wert thou first created,
Till *nature* as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,
And by *addition* me of thee defeated,
By *adding* one thing to my *purpose nothing*."

This is that "truth in beauty dy'd" (reason or philosophy coloured in poetry)—the perfect marriage of philosophy with poesy which Plato undertook and Shakespeare alone consummated. This poet represented the art of Shakespeare's genius, and this is the "Great Horse" which Shakespeare rode :—

"As if an angel dropped down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasos,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

The allusion was common to the poets of the time. Fuller, speaking of Bishop Fletcher, the father of the dramatist, and of his eloquence, said: "He loved to ride the great horse and had much skill in the managing thereof." It is Shakespeare's horsemanship *par excellence*, as Taine has keenly observed. He says :—

"In Shakespeare there is no preparation, no adaptation, no development, no care to make himself understood. Like a too fiery and powerful horse, he bounds, but cannot run. He bridges in a couple of words an enormous interval: is at the two poles in an instant. The reader vainly looks for the intermediate track, confounded by these prodigious leaps."

And it was such art as Montaigne loved and applauded. He says :—

"And it is no easie matter, being in the midst of a *discourse*, to *stop cunningly*, to make a sudden period, and to cut it off. And there is nothing whereby the clear strength of a *horse* is more known, than to make a *ready and clear stop*."

"It is for Gods to mount *winged horses* and feed on ambrosia."

"I love a poetical kind of march, by *frisks*, *skips*, *and jumps*."

". . . Marke but the vagaries in his (Plutarch) Daemon of Socrates. Oh God! what *grace* hath the variation, and what beautie these *startings* and *nimble escapes*."

Then follows in this poem a masterly description of the poetic and dramatic art of Shakespeare, its powers of seduction over men's unruly wills and passions, and all in perfect harmony with the allusive sense of the Sonnets. Observe in the verse immediately following the "verdict" this palpable description of the eloquence and art of the dramatic poet :—

> "So on the tip of his subduing tongue
> All kinds of arguments and question deepe,
> All replication prompt, and reason strong
> For his advantage still did wake and sleep,
> To make the *weeper laugh*, the laugher *weepe :*
> He had the *dialect and different skill*,
> Catching all *passions* in his craft of *will*."

And what is this, put into verse, but what Bacon has said in *The Advancement of Learning?*

"The study and office of Rhetoric is to apply Reason to the Imagination for the better moving of the will.

"But in regard to the continual mutinies and seditions of the affections, Reason would become captive and servile if *Eloquence* of *Persuasion* did not *practice* and *win* the *Imagination* from the Affection's part and contract a confederacy between the Reason and Imagination against the Affections."

We are further told that this youth "didde in the general bosome raigne," just as in Sonnet 70 the poet states that if it were not for the "suspect of ill" which "maskt the show" of his friend, the latter "alone kingdomes of hearts should'st owe." We next learn (what we might have expected) that this was an art seduction, in the lines :—

> "What with his *art* in youth and youth in *art*,
> Threw my affections in his charmed power,
> Reserv'd the stalke and gave him al my flower."

It must be admitted that this last line is quite suggestive of some philosopher who gave the flowers

of his mind to poesy and reserved for himself the stalk of philosophy—who did not seek his "own commendation" by taking the seeds of truth and rearing them first into poetic plants and placing them in his own pots when they were in flower. No; those plants "in other's Orchards grew." And we are not fanciful in this identification of flowers with poetic productions. The Sonnets are full of it. Spenser says in his elegy of Sir Philip Sidney :—

> "What cruel hand of cursed foe unknown
> Hath cropped the stalk which bore so fair a flower?
> Break now your garlands, oh, ye shepherds' lasses,
> Since the fair flower which them adorned is gone."

Are we not here "smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention"? But our shepherdess who was wooed so eloquently was not a very easy mark. She seems to have had enough knowledge of the wicked ways of the world to profit for a time by the experience of others; yet she still assures us that, when the rage of poesy is on, precedent and counsel are a poor protection. It is in the blood. She says :—

> "Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
> That we must curb it upon other's proofe,"

and we are brought at once to Sonnet 121, where the poet, defending his art against criticism and affirming his own godhead, says :—

> "For why should others false adulterate eyes
> Give salutation to my sportive blood?
> Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
> Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
> Noe, I am that I am, and they that level
> At my abuses, reckon up their owne,
> I may be straight though they them-selves be bevel,
> By their rancke thoughts, my deeds must not be shown."

Says Bacon: "For as all knowledge is the exercise and work of the mind, so *poesy* may be regarded as its *sport.* With these individuals and with this material (history, poesy, and philosophy) the human mind perpetually exercises itself and *sometimes sports.*" And in this figurative description of poesy as a desire or passion the complaining female further says that this youth is "untrue" and "knew the patterns of his foul beguiling." He heard where his (poetic) "plants in other's orchards grew," and knew that "deceits" (poetic feignings) were "guilded," or beautified, in his art—here called "smiling." And the next line makes the allusion nearly certain in the statement that all this exercise of "*Thoughts, Characters and words*" were "meerly but *art.*" Neither are we dealing with arbitrary or factitious ideas. Sidney says that "It is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet; but it is that *feigning* notable images of virtue, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching which must be the right describing note to know a poet by." Bacon, writing of three kinds of speech which he calls "styles of *imposture,*" in describing the second kind, repeats the identical idea of Sidney in these words: "The second kind is of those who through vanity of wit, as a kind of *holy poets, imagine* and *invent* all variety of *stories* and *examples* for the *training and moulding of men's minds.*" And Montaigne, who for some strange reason affects to speak as one having authority in matters poetical, and which he says were his "only delight," writes of the "quaint inventions" of poesy to "*fain* a happy condition of man" and of "Giddie-headed poets that *fain* what they list." He speaks of "good and lofty" and "supreme and divine" poesy which is "beyond rules and above reason," and that its greatest educational force is found in the drama; that this power to move and draw others (this seduction of the imagination) "is

more apparently seene in the theaters; that the sacred inspiration of the Muses having first stirred up the poet with a kind of agitation unto choler, unto grief, unto hatred, yea and beyond himself, whither and howsoever they please, doth also by the poet strike into the actor, and consequently by the actor a whole auditory or multitude." And, of course, we all know Bacon's borrowing of the same ideas from Montaigne! But the point which I wish to press is the beautiful harmony between the appearance, character and eloquence of this seductive youth, and the above quotations read in the light of our allegorical theory of this poem. It is the eloquence and acting of this supposed Apollo which at last cause a surrender of the young woman, and to describe which requires, commencing with the 27th stanza, fifteen verses to reproduce the love oration alone. Nor should we forget that Apollo was the god of eloquence. Reproduced in allegorical prose, the oration proceeds as follows:—

Verse 25.

"Gentle maid (reason or philosophy) pity my youth and be unafraid of the divine wooings of Poesy, for that which is now sworn to you was never before vowed in all my passions."

Verse 26.

"My art which you see abroad is purely sensous and not married to truth and reason. Such poetry may exist where the poet nor his reader are seeking truth nor nature ('trew nor kind'). They sought their own shame in such seductions, and the more they reproach me the less my own shame."

Verse 29.

"Not one of those victims has ever inspired true love in my own heart, for that can be only given to truth and nature."

Verses 30, 31, and 32.

"Look here at the manifold exhibitions of poetic passions which have been laid upon my altar by poets of all time."

(*To be continued.*)

"MRS. GALLUP'S BAD HISTORY"

UNDER the above title, Mr. R. S. Rait contributed to *The Fortnightly* of February, 1902, his reasons for suggesting the biliteral cipher story to be an American concoction. My growing irreverence for the orthodox literary and historical expert in matters Elizabethan, is the cause of the following enquiry into the reasonableness of Mr. Rait's conclusions.

Mr. Rait thinks the story of Bacon's birth not chronologically impossible, but denies this as to the birth of Robert, Earl of Essex.

His grounds are that a Spanish gentleman is stated to have had audience of the Queen five days before the *reputed* birthday, and in a letter recording the interview said nothing about her condition.

The cipher story gives no date of Robert's birth, and no record of his baptism can be found. It is curious that, whereas the undisputed children of Lord and Lady Hereford (afterwards Essex) were born at their only residence, Chartley, Robert is alleged to have been born at Netherwood. Mr. Rait would no doubt admit that for a privily born child of the Queen the newly-married daughter of the cousin and lady of bed-chamber to the Queen would be a likely person to be passed off as its mother. The subsequent crowding of presents and honours on Lord Hereford, his despatch to Ireland, his death there by poisoning at the hands, it is alleged, of an emissary of the Earl of Leicester, seem to me to be curious points of confirmation of the *prima facie* truth of the cipher story, and should have given Mr. Rait pause before accusing Mrs. Gallup of concocting the cypher story.

Mr. Rait rejects as impossible the cipher story as to the Queen's admission before certain of the Court

ladies of the fact of Francis being her son, and thinks the information must have leaked out. But the fact of such an admission was incapable of proof, and in those days folks who babbled lost their lives. That a sovereign should have a bastard was not uncommon; it gave rise to no dynastic problem and called for no serious remark. When a Norfolk gentleman ventured in 1570 to say in public, "My Lord of Leicester had two children by the Queen," he was condemned to lose his ears.

Trachimus. "Why doe you thinke in Court any use to dissemble."
Pandion. "Doe you know in Court any that meane to live."
Sapho and Phao, 1584.

Mr. Rait thinks the Seymour story belied by the immaturity of the parties. A dietary of milk, meat and ale in those days may have matured children rapidly. Early marriages in Court circles were frequent. Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., married at fifteen. Catherine Parr first married at fourteen. Philip Sydney's wife was sixteen when he married her. Their daughter married at fifteen. "A girl unmarried at twenty was called an old maid" (Besant's "London in Tudor Times," 312).

Elizabeth was not much over fourteen when Sir Thomas Seymour sought permission to marry her. Being refused by the government he married (by personal consent of King Edward VI., then aged ten) Queen Catherine Parr, with whom Elizabeth resided.

His grossly indelicate behaviour to the young Princess is recorded in public depositions. That he nevertheless obtained her affection is proved by the letter from her of 28th January, 1548—9.

She remained under the same roof with him until 5th September, 1548, when his wife died. He again applied to government for permission to marry her. Evidently

her consent had already been obtained. Shortly afterwards Elizabeth wrote to the Lord Protector complaining of rumours to the effect that she had given birth to a child by Seymour, and requesting a proclamation to stop the slanders. This was done.

Edward VI. was twelve at this date and died at sixteen. At eight he wrote in Latin. From the age of ten he kept a Journal. His biographer states that his intellectual precocity and religious ardour were unaccompanied by any show of natural affection, and that though young he showed traces of his father's harshness of disposition.

This part of the cipher story was of events as to which Francis Bacon could only speak at second hand, and yet how closely the historical documents corroborate the story.

Further on in his article Mr. Rait denounces the cipher story as a concoction because Francis claimed to be a "Tidder," instead of Dudley, the name of his alleged father.

This may be a sound technical objection, to be tested perhaps by the question whether our present King would be justified in calling himself a Guelph.

But it is certainly curious that the word should be written "Tidder," which I am told is the correct phonetic sound of the Welsh word "Tudor." Surely an American fictionist would have written "Tudor."

Mr. Rait contends that "no man who had been Lord Chancellor" would ever have said "our law giveth to the first borne of the royall house the title of Prince of Wales." He thinks this the very natural mistake of an American fictionist.

The recent "Encyclopædia of the Laws of England," Vol. 12, at page 511, states the law to be as follows:

"The title of Prince of Wales *has belonged* to the heir apparent of the Crown since the reign of Edward I."

The cipher phrase to satisfy Mr. Rait should thereupon have run:—

"Our law giveth to the firstborn of the royall house the right to be entitled Prince of Wales."

Nor could Mr. Rait take exception to the following phrase from a decipher dated 1622: "My attempts in after years to obtain my true, just, and indisputable title of Prince of Wales."

Bacon must have known the law. Previous to his time nine princes had borne the title and the eldest born of the Royal house had always received it first.

That there were certain formalities of investiture, proclamation, or letters patent must also have been known to him as he took part, in 1610, in preparing the patent entitling Henry, eldest son of James I., as Prince of Wales. He would also have known what seems to me the crux of the position, namely, that so long as the firstborn of the Royal house was alive the title could not have been legally conferred upon anyone else. But he was like other people, not always exact. I draw attention to a more modern lapse. In her Journal the late Queen Victoria records the parents' delight at the birth of "a little Prince of Wales."

Mr. Rait shares the general outcry at the error about Davison. The cipher story says, "led him to his death," yet it is quite clear that Davison lived for many years after the period alluded to.

The words occur in a cipher stated to have been completed by Rawley in 1635. Bacon died in 1626. In this cipher Rawley expresses regret for a number of errors, and the question arises whether this was one of them. Davison died when Rawley was a youth, so the latter would know little or nothing about him.

Suppose Rawley made the easy slip of misreading "her" as "his" in the written manuscript from which

the enfolding manuscript would be marked for the printer, and instead of cipher writing, "led him to *her* death," wrote "led him to *his* death," the ground for the objection to the passage would be gone.

The passage which is at page 365 of the first edition of the "Biliteral Cipher" should be reconsidered. There are a few words further down which I think help to confirm my view. "To send th' unfortunate woman *to her death* before her time."

If the mistake is in the decipher the misinterpreting of three letters would account for the discrepancy. Thus :—

A *a b* a a b a a a *a* represents "er,"
A *b a* a a b a a a *b* ,, "is."

Mr. Rait is wrong in saying there was an Earl Strafford at the date of the cipher—Wentworth, the first Earl, was not created until 1640. There was, therefore, no special reason for accuracy in spelling the word "Stafford," which appears to have been either carelessly or accidentally written "Strafford." Confirming this view I find that in the original list of new year's gifts to Queen Elizabeth for 1575 Lady Stafforde is also referred to as Lady Strafforde. Proper names at that period were spelt in a variety of ways—Burleigh and Raleigh for instances.

For another instance Puckering, in the cipher story, should probably be Pickering, meaning the Queen's friend and admirer, Sir William Pickering. Bacon did not know that person, but he did know Lord Keeper Puckering. In the index to Montague's "Life of Bacon," "Puckering" becomes "Pickering," and at page 343 of Vol. II. of Nichol's "Progresses of Elizabeth," the Lord Keeper is also referred to as Sir John Pickering.

Mr. Rait is very severe with the cipher story state-

ment that Lord Montague, who was certainly present at the examination, was also present at the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. He, however, admits that according to some versions a certain Lord "Montacute" was present, but he says, "'Montagu' is a much more familiar name, especially in America, but Bacon must have known all about Montacute."

I trust Mr. Rait will find time to read a short contemporary account (which appears in Nichol's "Progresses of Elizabeth," Vol. III.) of a visit by Queen Elizabeth to Cowdray in 1591. In this short account Lord Montague is also called Montecute, and Lady Montecute is also called Montague. In the list of Queen's presents in the same volume the name is also spelt "Mountague."

Mr. Rait suggests that the cipher story account of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, viz., that "Mary stoode up in a robe of bloud red," is cribbed from Froude's "History of England."

He says Froude's "History" does not agree with a contemporary portrait, which proves that at her execution Mary wore a black satin dress. At page 502 of Vol. II., Nichol's "Progresses" (quoting from Gunter's "History of Peterborough," the town to which Fotheringay Castle is near) it is stated that Mary wore an uppermost gown of black satin with purple undersleeves and that her bodice was of crimson satin and her skirt of crimson velvet. The contemporary portrait doubtless depicts the black satin overgown *disrobed before Mary bared her neck for the block.* Thus the cipher story is entirely corroborated. Mary's body appears to have been left for weeks before interment, so that the crimson bodice and skirt were not available to the portrait painter.

Mr. Rait waxed very scornful when he discussed the passage at page 312 of the cipher story, "Our colonies

in all the regions of the globe from remote East to a remoter West." "It is," said Mr. Rait, "as likely that Bacon wrote Pope's 'Homer' and Froude's 'History' as that he penned these words in the reign of King James I. For where were the colonies?"

By "colonies" at that day appear to have been meant the small bodies of Englishmen established abroad for trading purposes. Under the auspices of the Merchant Adventurers of the East Indies, chartered in 1600, "Colonies" appear to have been established in the "remote East" at the Canary Isles, at Surat in Hindustan, at Achern, and at Bantam.

As to the "remoter West" Mr. Rait will find in Howe's "Annales" (1615) references to colonies at Newfoundland (page 942), the patent being issued to Bacon and others, at Guiana in South America (page 943), and at Virginia (page 944).

That the above is the correct sense of the passage is shown by a sentence in Bacon's pamphlet, "Of a Holy War," in which he refers to the attitude "of colonies or transmigrants towards their mother country."

Mr. Rait says that the word "curriculæ" could only, in Bacon's time, have meant "race courses," and therefore that "students' curriculæ" is a modern expression adopted by the assumed American fictionist.

Yet if he turns to the "New English Dictionary" he will find the word "curriculum" quoted as in common use to express a student's course of instruction as early as 1633, even in Scotland.

Finally, with regard to the Essex ring story, which he adjudges to be a myth, he will find he is not in accord with Mr. H. L. Stephen, an Indian Judge, at Vol. III., page 81, of "State Trials," recently edited by Mr. Stephen. That gentleman believes in the story and gives grounds for his opinion.

Mr. Rait's objection to the history recorded in the

cipher story, and his accusations against the decipherer, do not appear to stand close examination. An apology to the lady would seem to be due from him, and doubtless will be honorably forthcoming.

PARKER WOODWARD.

FRANCIS BACON'S TIME OR CLOCK CYPHER

(*Continued from page* 128).

IT occurred to me that if the Time Cypher were genuine the word "Time" would probably be of frequent occurrence in the Plays. Reference to Bartlett's Concordance showed that "Time" occupies fourth place among the most frequently mentioned things in the Plays, which contain between 1,000 and 1,100 examples of the word, *i.e.*, about thirty references per Play, or more than one for each page of the First Folio.

In the Biliteral Cypher Story Bacon says that his Time Cypher is "more oft called Clocke," and in another place it is referred to as "the face of my clock." On considering these words I arrived at the conclusion that as the characters on a clock face are letters as well as figures it was extremely probable that letters and figures were media for the Time Cypher, and I was confirmed in this opinion by happening to notice on Comedies, page 136, the rigmarole connecting the "horn" letter "C" with letters and with figures.

An examination of the Alphabet of the Biliteral Cypher in the 1640 *Advancement* showed that in addition to the Biliteral Cypher the Time Cypher also originates in that Alphabet, notwithstanding that these two

Cyphers are entirely dissimilar in character. Bacon says in relation to this Alphabet that "the transposition of two letters by five placings will be sufficient for 32 Differences, much more for 24, which is the number of the Alphabet." The characters which Bacon used in the Biliteral Cypher Alphabet are the letters "a" and "b," and the following is a table of the 32 differences referred to. I have indicated against the 24 selected groups the letters of the Alphabet which they represent, and for a purpose which I will presently explain I have numbered the letters in their alphabetical sequence.

1	A	aaaaa			bbbbb
2	B	aaaab			bbbba
3	C	aaaba			bbbab
4	D	aaabb			bbbaa
5	E	aabaa			bbabb
6	F	aabab			bbaba
7	G	aabba			bbaab
8	H	aabbb			bbaaa
9	I	abaaa	24	Z	babbb
10	K	abaab	23	Y	babba
11	L	ababa	22	X	babab
12	M	ababb	21	W	babaa
13	N	abbaa	20	V	baabb
14	O	abbab	19	T	baaba
15	P	abbba	18	S	baaab
16	Q	abbbb	17	R	baaaa

It will be seen that none of the selected groups commence with two "b's," an arrangement which, to a considerable extent, operates as a safeguard against error on the part of a decipherer of the Biliteral Cypher, inasmuch as when he finds that he has a group that commences with two "b's" he knows that his transcription is incorrect. Bearing in mind the hint in *The Tempest* that "most poor matters point to rich ends" and the similar one in the 1640 *Advancement*, "it often

comes to passe that small and mean things conduce more to the discovery of great matters, than great things to the discovery of small matters," I suspected that this arrangement had a further purpose, as it results in eight pairs of numbers (on the last eight lines) falling together, the sum of each pair being 33. At the commencement of the 1640 *Advancement of Learning* is a portrait of Bacon which contains a number of curious features, among them being four volumes on a shelf which, although of equal size and height, have numbers upon them placed thus , not by an error of the printer, be it observed, for the numerals are *engraved* characters. In view of the hint in *The Tempest*, "We steale by lyne and levell," and the one in the 1640 *Advancement*, "To conquer mysteries we must march by line and levell," the placing of the numerals on Vol. III. on a higher level than those on the other volumes suggests (by reading this separated number III. in connection with each of the other numbers) the numbers 34, 35 and 36 (which are in sequence with 33), and as the two latter of these numbers are respectively the same as the "catalogued" and actual numbers of the Plays in the First Folio, it occurred to me that the number 33 might represent the name "Bacon," and applying their distinctive numbers to the letters of this name, I obtained B2 A1 C3 O14 N13, which numbers total 33, proving my surmise to be correct. These discoveries and the cryptic reference, on a significantly numbered page (136=BACON SHAKESPEARE) of *Loves Labours Lost*, to the letter "C" as a *letter* and a *figure*, confirmed my impression that letters and figures are associated in the Time Cypher, an impression further strengthened by the occurrence of the words "This Figure" as the two first or "Alpha" "Beta" words in the First Folio and else-

where in that volume, of many queer references to letters and figures such as :—

". . . . she woos you by a figure.
What figure?
By a Letter I should say."

"A most fine Figure
To prove you a Cypher."

"The numbers true."

and close at hand

"Much in the letters."

"Mounsier, are you not lettred."

and a few lines lower

"What is the figure? What is the figure?"

"The numbers altered."

and

"Alphabetical position."

close together

"He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend."

"Heart of our numbers."

"Here are only numbers ratified."

"Be calme good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the Letter
Except mine owne name."

"Every one of these Letters are in my name."

"There I shall see mine own figure
Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher."

"We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men."

"The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large."

"Now thou art an O without a figure."

"Now hath Time made me his numbring clocke."

On further examination of the 32 groups I noticed that the group "baaaa" representing the letter "R" is in reverse order from "aaaab" representing the letter "B," and the similarity of these two groups and also of the letters that they represent seemed to suggest a general re-arrangement of groups, in which re-arrangement the "B" and "R" groups would come together, and it appeared probable that such re-arrangement would indicate the proper lines of further investigation. My belief that a relationship existed between the "B" and "R" groups received support from the fact that the word "Histories" in the "Catalogue" of the First Folio is printed HISTORIES, *i.e.*, with "R" shown as a double letter containing "R" and "B," and also from the fact that in the words "Comedies, Histories, Tragedies," this double letter is letter 14=O=Cypher. These may seem slender grounds on which to base a conclusion, but Bacon says, "He that distinguiseth not in small matters makes errors in great."

I ultimately arrived at the following systematic disposition of the thirty-two groups. I have attached to each of the twenty-four selected groups the letter that Bacon intended it to represent. The groups not so distinguished are, of course, the unappropriated ones which I include to facilitate explanation.

A	aaaaa		.....		bbbbb		.....
B	aaaab	R	baaaa		bbbba	Q	abbbb
C	aaaba	I	abaaa		bbbab	Z	babbb
D	aaabb		bbaaa		bbbaa	H	aabbb
E	aabaa		.....		bbabb		.....
F	aabab	W	babaa		bbaba	M	ababb
G	aabba	N	abbaa		bbaab	V	baabb
K	abaab	T	baaba	Y	babba	O	abbab
L	ababa		.....	X	babab		.....
P	abbba		.....	S	baaab		.....

It will be noticed that the groups in the third column

give "b's" and "a's" where the groups on the corresponding lines in the first column have "a's" and "b's," and that the second and fourth columns respectively contain groups which are the reverse of those in the first and third columns. Four of the lines have two groups only, because the letters in these groups read either way alike and consequently have no reverse arrangement.

I will now restate the table, leaving out unappropriated groups and prefixing to the letters represented by the remaining groups figures indicating their position in the Alphabet and in the Table. As it will often be necessary to refer to these figures I will, for convenience sake, call them the "ordinary" and "secret" counts, and their sum the "full" count, and the table itself will be referred to as the Time Alphabet.

1	1	A aaaaa									
2	2	B aaaab	17	11	R baaaa				16	19	Q abbbb
3	3	C aaaba	9	12	I abaaa				24	20	Z babbb
4	4	D aaabb							8	21	H aabbb
5	5	E aabaa									
6	6	F aabab	21	13	W babaa				12	22	M ababb
7	7	G aabba	13	14	N abbaa				20	23	V baabb
10	8	K abaab	19	15	T baaba	23	16	Y babba	14	24	O abbab
11	9	L ababa				22	17	X babab			
15	10	P abbba				18	18	S baaab			

The Time Alphabet commences with A (Alpha) and ends with O (Omega). All the letters necessary to the formation of the words "Alpha" "Omega" are to be found in the *first* and *last* columns of the table, and I was convinced of its genuineness by the numerous occurrences in Bacon's acknowledged works and in works now claimed for him of the words "first and last" or analagous expressions, or of arrangements suggestive of these words and by the fact that the full count of

1 11 15 8 1 14 12 5 7 1 = 75
A L P H A O M E G A } 170
1 9 10 21 1 24 22 5 7 1 = 101

is the ordinary count of

19 5 12 15 5 18 19 3 23 12 2 5 11 9 13 5 = 176
T E M P E S T C Y M B E L I N E

the *first* and *last* Plays in the First Folio, and that the ordinary count of

6 9 17 18 19 1 13 4 11 1 18 19 = 136
F I R S T A N D L A S T

is the ordinary count of

2 1 3 14 13 18 8 1 10 5 18 15 5 1 17 5 = 136
B A C O N S H A K E S P E A R E

The ordinary count of

1 11 15 8 1 = 36
A L P H A

is 36, the number of the Plays in the First Folio and also the number that was anciently supposed to represent the "World" or "Globe."

The ordinary count of

14 12 5 7 1 = 39
O M E G A

is the ordinary count of

7 11 14 2 5 = 39
G L O B E

the name of the theatre where the plays were presented. In view of the ancient significance of the number 36, the reason for the selection of this name for Shakespeare's theatre is obvious.

The secret count of

A L P H A O M E G A
1 9 10 21 1 24 22 5 7 1 = 101

is 101, and these figures are symbolised on the title-pages of a number of editions of Bacon's works by two columns

with a globe (or cypher) between them, and it is remarkable that the pages of the First Folio are divided into two columns and that a full column has 66 = C Y P H E R (or globe) lines.

3 16 10 21 5 11 = 66

If we turn to the Biliteral Alphabet (in which the Time Alphabet originates) given in script characters in the 1640 "*Advancement,*" we find below it a paragraph in roman and italic type in which the word "Alphabet," in italic characters, is the 101st word.

101 = ALPHA OMEGA.

The italic letters in the paragraph, to the end of the line in which the word "Alphabet" occurs number 40, the full count of

$$\left.\begin{matrix} 1 & & 14 \\ A & - & O \\ 1 & & 24 \end{matrix}\right\} = 40$$

The capitals in the paragraph printed in italic type are:—

$$\left.\begin{matrix} 3 & 3 & 1 & 2 & 1 & 11 \\ C & C & A & B & A & L \\ 3 & 3 & 1 & 2 & 1 & 9 \end{matrix}\right\} 40 = \text{A-O}$$

The capitals in roman type are

$$\left.\begin{matrix} 13 & 6 & 2 & 19 & 11 & 19 & 12 & 2 & 11 & 18 = 113 \\ N & F & B & T & L & T & M & B & L & S \\ 14 & 6 & 2 & 15 & 9 & 15 & 22 & 2 & 9 & 18 = 112 \end{matrix}\right\} 225$$

the full count of which is 225, the full count of

$$\left.\begin{matrix} 19 & 9 & 12 & 5 & 1 & 11 & 15 & 8 & 1 & 2 & 5 & 19 = 107 \\ T & I & M & E & A & L & P & H & A & B & E & T \\ 15 & 12 & 22 & 5 & 1 & 9 & 10 & 21 & 1 & 2 & 5 & 15 = 118 \end{matrix}\right\} 225$$

These results and the fact that the italic capitals include the sequence C.A.B.A.L. favour the supposition that the TIME or CLOCKE cypher was suggested by the Hebrew CABALA ("secret knowledge"), which is based on letters and their numerical values.

In his work on "Numbers," Mr. W. Wynn Westcott says: "The Kabbalah became a means of handing down, from one generation to another, hidden truths, religious

notions, secrets of nature, ideas of Cosmogony, and facts of history, in a form which was unintelligible to the uninitiated; and the revealing of the secrets and the methods of interpretation was veiled in mystery, and only to be approached through religion. The more practical part of the system was involved in the three processes of Gematria, Notaricon and Temura. Gematria is a method depending on the fact that each Hebrew letter had a numerical value. When the sum of the numbers of the letters composing a word was the same as the sum of the letters of another word, however different, they perceived an analogy between them, and considered them to have a necessary connection. Thus certain numbers got to be well known as meaning certain things; and not words only, but sentences were treated in this manner."

"Alpha" and "Omega," the names of the first and last letters in the Time Alphabet, suggest REVELATION, and it is significant that at the close of the preface in the 1640 *Advancement of Learning* we find Bacon asking Divine aid "that we may write the APOCALYPS and true vision of the impressions and signets of the Creator upon the creature," a design exactly fulfilled by the Shakespeare Plays. The ordinary count of the misspelt word APOCALYPS is the same as the secret count of the words ALPHA OMEGA. It is also significant that on the title-page of the 1657 edition of *Resuscitatio*, Dr. Rawley is described as "his Lordship's First, and Last, Chapleine," which, in view of his intimate knowledge of Bacon's work, I take to be a secret reference to him as the man who assisted in the work of the A-O or "First and Last" Alphabet.

(*To be continued.*)

ESSEX AND THE SONNETS

IN his interesting article on the Sonnets, "H. C. F." claims for them an esoteric significance, and ridicules the suggestion that some of them may have been addressed to the Earl of Essex and Ewe; and, in fact, utterly condemns all suggestions involving a personal element. But does one theory necessarily contradict the other? Is it "inconceivable" that some of the Sonnets were, as they purport to be, addressed to a young, unmarried man, occupying a position of extraordinary prominence and splendour, whose mother —beautiful in her youth—was still living; whose father was dead; the affections of the young man being at the time associated with a certain widow? Is it "inconceivable" that the poet should address this young man in terms of obvious affection, with occasional playful allusions to his name, as well as conveying, in less obvious manner, messages of deeper significance, meant perhaps for "future ages"?

In any case, it may be worth while to devote a little more attention to the claims of Essex before abandoning them entirely.

Let us begin by examining once more the much discussed line:—

"A man in hew all *Hews* in his controlling."

To arrive at the true significance of this line "H. C. F." is of the opinion that it should be altered to

"A man in form all *Forms* in his controlling."

There is, however, a simpler explanation. The addition of an apostrophe makes the line read

"A man in hew all *Hew's* in his controlling."

There are no marks of the possessive case in the Original Quarto of 1609, and, if the sense require it, we

have a right to place one here, and the consequence is that a probable meaning at once becomes plain. Assuming that the "H" in "hew" and "*Hews*" is not aspirated, the line when repeated would convey the same meaning as if it were written :—

"A man in hew all *Ewe's* in his controlling";

that is to say (having regard to the context) a young person, who has arrived at Man's Estate, with all Ewe's possessions in his controlling; and the fact of such magnificent possessions being in the control of so young a man would be enough to "steale" or "draw" men's eyes, and amaze the souls of women.

But now let us turn to Bacon for information about Essex, and see if that information, with, or without straining, bears upon the sonnets. A short extract from the "Apology" will perhaps answer the purpose.

c.f.—

"Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambasage
To witness duty, not to show my wit."
26.

"Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor *services* to do, till you require."
57.

"It is well-known, how I did many years since dedicate my travels and studies to the use, and as I may term it, *service* of my lord of Essex, which, I protest before God, I did not, making election of him as the likeliest mean of mine own advancement, but out of the humour of a man, that ever from the time I had any use of reason, whether it were reading upon good books, or upon the example of a good father, or by nature, I loved my country more than was answerable to my fortune; and I held at that time my lord to be the fittest instrument to do good to the State, and therefore I applied myself to him in a manner that I think happeneth rarely among men: for I did not only labour carefully and industriously in that he set me about, whether it were matter

> of advice or otherwise, but, neglecting the Queen's *service*, mine own fortune, and in a sense my vocation, I did nothing but advise and ruminate with myself, to the best of my understanding, propositions and memorials of anything that might concern his lordship's honour, fortune, or *service*."

Would not the question of matrimony be one which would "concern his lordship's honour and fortune"? And taking the first seventeen sonnets literally, do not the objections raised to the widow in 9 tend to show that the poet not only desired the young man to marry but wished at the same time to advise him in his choice of a bride?

We know from Bacon himself that he had sufficient confidence in his ability as a sonneteer to address the Queen in that form, and we know that Essex had an admiration for sonnets and had them sung before the Queen. And as Essex was pleased to "evaporate his thoughts in sonnets," it is reasonable to suppose that he would appreciate the thoughts of others conveyed in the same way; and it is not improbable that such exercises were part of "that" Bacon was "set about" in which he did "labour carefully and industriously."

In sonnets addressed (or supposed to be addressed) to Essex, we are justified—considering the custom of the time—in searching for allusions to his name or title; and how peculiarly the latter part of his title—the Earl of Essex and Ewe—lends itself to this playful form of flattery! There are several words in the first nine sonnets that either contain the word, or sound of, Ewe. Adopting the spelling of the Quarto, there are in—

1. "Fewell."
2. "Use," "excuse."
3. "Vewest," renewest.

4. "Abuse," "userer," "use," "unus'd," "used."
6. "Use," "usery."
9. "Issulesse," "unusde," "user."

There seems to be a groping for some sort of play on Ewe, but when 13 is reached there is a change, as if suggested by a happy thought, and "you" is boldly adopted, apparently with so much satisfaction that it appears eight times in this sonnet alone. "You" appears again in 15, 16 and 17, and is then abruptly abandoned in this, the last sonnet, in which the young man is urged to marry; and although it is some time before it occurs again, we have only to go to 20 to meet "hew" and *Hew's*.

I now beg leave to call attention to 81:—

"Or I shall live your Epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall live—such virtue hath my Pen
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of men."

If EWE were the name or one of the names of the person addressed, this sonnet would be literally true. It is impossible to read it without reading the name of Ewe; it is impossible to repeat it without breathing the name of Ewe.

That there was an understanding between Essex and Bacon concerning the latter's poetical works, seems to be verified by one of Bacon's published letters, part of which is quoted :—

"To My Lord of Essex.

"My singular good Lord,—I may perceive by my lord keeper, that your lordship, as the time served, signified unto him an intention to confer with his lordship at better opportunity: which, in regard of your several and weighty occasions, I have thought good to put your lordship in remembrance of; that now, at his coming to the Court, it may be executed: desiring your good lordship, nevertheless, not to conceive out of this my diligence in soliciting this matter, that I am either much in appetite or much in hope. *For as for appetite, the waters of Parnassus are not like the waters of Spaw, that give a stomach, but rather they quench appetite and desires.* . . ."

Do not the "waters of Parnassus" refer to the Castalian spring—the source of poetic inspiration? And does not the passage in italics mean "I am so much wrapped up in and devoted to my poetical works that I do not desire any other employment"?

It is to be hoped that enough has been said to tempt Baconians to probe this matter further, for the establishment of Essex in the position that has been suggested would surely help put an end to Shaksperian claims.

R. J. D. S.

P.S.—Perhaps there is more of Essex in the "Ten Children" Sonnet (No. 6) than "H. C. F." imagines: Esse=to be; X=10!—R. J. D. S.

Mrs. Pott's Theory

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Repeated inquiries reach me as to the grounds upon which I maintain that Francis St. Alban (better known as *Bacon*) was the sole great author of an age, and that the mass of varied literature, the sudden out-pouring of books in the fifthteenth century, were due primarily to him, though aided and supported by a powerful "Invisible Brotherhood."

Believing, as I do, that the present study of "Bacon" is far too circumscribed and circular in its tendency to advance our great subject, too low in its aim to hit the heart of the mystery, I suggest that such inquiries as the above should not be ignored, but encouraged. Some attempt should be made to satisfy them by means of methodical cross-examination; our search-lights should be focussed by turns on each point of difficulty until all have been closely inspected, and, if possible, explained.

Let any who are resolved to "find out Truth, though she be hid in the centre," send written questions to the hon. secretary of the "Bacon Society," or of "The Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban," and let these questions, with the answers furnished from the unpublished "Collections" of the Society, or from other sources, be printed and published in BACONIANA.

The present object being to obtain evidence of identity or of difference of authorship, let the *language* of given works be analysed or dissected; the thoughts, sentiments, opinions and speculations, the knowledge in matters scientific, literary, philosophic and theological, compared in books, say, from 1570 to 1670.

One caution I must add, with apologies to old Baconians. Students must remember that Francis "Bacon" repeatedly (and to the supposed end of his life—1626) declared the age in which he lived to be gross, dark, ignorant, our mother-tongue deficient even in words; in short, deficient in everything that helps to mould and adorn a beautiful model of language. No one ever contradicted him.

If, therefore, other writers, at the same period of darkness are found using the same *new and choice* vocabulary, the same turns of speech, peculiarities of grammar and diction, the same metaphors, similes and symbols, based upon the same knowledge and experimental philosophy—if throughout the greater is found to contain the less—he must surely be pig- (not Bacon) headed to the last degree who will not conclude in the great master's words, that "All dial lines lead to the centre."

Yours faithfully,

CONSTANCE M. POTT.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(*Continued from page 116*).

24.

IN OBITUM ILLUSTRISSIMI ET SPECTATISSIMI TUMA LITERIS TUM A PRUDENTIA ET NATIVA NOBILITATE VIRI, DOMINI FRANCISCI BACON, VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI, ETC.

Non ego, non Naso (1) si viveret ipse litaret
Exequiis versu magne Bacone tuis.
Deducti veniunt versus a mente serena,
Nubila sunt fato pectora nostra tuo.
Replesti (2) mundum scriptis, et sæcula fama,
Ingredere in requiem, quando ita dulce, tuam.
Et tibi doctrinæ exaltatio scripta (Bacone)
Exaltat toto jam caput orbe tuum.
Curta cano, quin nulla magis; sin carmina vitæ
Te reparare tuæ, quanta (Bacone) darem?

C. D. REGAL.

25.

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI DOMINI, DOMINI FRANCISCI BARONIS DE VERULAMIO, VICECOMITIS S. ALBANI.

Qui fuit legis moderator, illa
Lege solutus, reus ipse mortis
Sistitur, nostram politeia turbat
Sic Radamanthi (3)
Qui Novo summum sophiæ magistrum (4)
Organo tandem docuisset uti,
Mortis antiqua methodo coactus
Membra resolvit.

24.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, MOST DISTINGUISHED BOTH IN LETTERS AND WISDOM, AS ALSO FOR INNATE NOBILITY.

Nor I, nor Naso (1) himself, were he alive, could duly celebrate your obsequies with verse, great Bacon. Poetry comes as the product of a tranquil mind, our hearts are troubled by your death. You have filled the world with your writings, (2) and the ages with your fame. Enter into your rest, since to do so is so sweet. The *Advancement of Learning* written by you, O Bacon! exalts your head now throughout the entire globe. I utter verses incomplete, or rather none, but could verses restore you, O Bacon, to life, what verses would I then contribute! C. D., KING'S COLLEGE.

25.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD FRANCIS, BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

He who was the arbiter of law, freed from that law, is himself arraigned before the tribunal of death; thus does the polity of Rhadamanthus (3) clash with ours. He who would at last have taught the greatest master (4) of wisdom to use a New Organ, himself compelled by death's ancient method makes useless his own members. In fact Destiny wished from premisses quite modern a conclusion to be arrived at as

Quippe præmissis valide novicis
Parca conclusum voluit supremum
Huic diem, sensus ratione fatis
Insit iniquis.
Multa qui haud uno revelanda sêclo
Κρυπτὰ naturæ patefecit, ipse
Justa naturæ facili novercæ
Debita solvit.
Artium tandem meliore vena
Occidit plenus, moriensque monstrat
Quam siet longa ars, brevis atque vita
Fama perennis ;
Qui fuit nostro rutilans in orbe
Lucifer, magnos et honoris egit
Circulos, transit, proprioque fulget
Fixus in orbe.

26.

Carmen Sepulchrale.

Sub tumulo est corpus, (non debita præda sepulchri)
Virtutum exterius nomina marmor habet ;
Sic pia saxa loqui docuit vestigià figens
Marmore in hoc virtus, ipsa datura fugam :
Nostra dabunt tumulumque æternum corda, loquantur
Ut famam illius saxa hominesque simul.

Henr. Ferne, Trin. Coll. So.

27.

Ad Statuam literatissimi vereque nobilissimi Viri Domini Francisci Bacon.

Octoginta negat qui te numerasse Decembres,
Frontem, non libros inspicit ille tuos :
Nam virtus si cana senem, si serta Minervæ,
Reddant ; vel natu Nestore major eras (5)

to this man's death, whether or not there were sense or reason in the unpropitious fates. He who disclosed secrets of nature, which in one age should not be revealed, nevertheless had to pay the debts due to nature, a compliant stepmother. Finally he dies full of an unusually rich vein of arts, and dying demonstrates how extensive is art, how contracted is life, how everlasting fame; he who was in our sphere the brilliant Light-bearer, and trod great paths of glory, passes and fixed in his own orb shines refulgent.

26.

A Funeral Chant.

Beneath the tomb lies the body, (spoil not due to the grave) the outer marble recounts his virtues; thus virtue, about to flee away herself, imprinting these traces has taught the pious slab to speak: our hearts will furnish an everlasting tomb, so that stones and men together may speak of his fame.

Henry Ferne, Fellow of Trinity College.

27.

To the Statue of the most lettered and noble Lord, Lord Francis Bacon.

He who says that you have not numbered eighty Decembers, examines your brow, not your books. For if venerable virtue, if Wisdom's wreaths make an ancient, you were older than Nestor (5). But if your

Quod si forma neget, veterum sapientia monstret;
Longævæ ætatis tessera certa tuæ.
Vivere namque diu cornicum condere lustra
Non est, sed vitâ posse priore frui.

G. Nash, Aul. Pem.

28.

De Inundatione nupera Aquarum.

Solverat (6) Eridanus tumidarum flumina aquarum:
Solverat; et populis non levis horror erat:
Quippe gravis Pirrhæ (7) metuentes tempora cladis
Credebant simili crescere flumen aquâ.
Ille dolor fuerat sævus, lachrymæque futuri
Funeris, et justis (8) dona paranda novis.
Scilicet et fluvios tua (vir celeberrime) tangunt
Funera, nedum homines, mæstaque corda virum.

James.

29.

In Obitum honoratissimi Viri Francisci Bacon, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani, Baronis de Verulam, etc.

Ergo te quoque flemus? et æternare Camenas
Qui poteras, poteras ipse (Bacone) mori?
Ergo nec ætherea fruerere diutius aurâ?
(Indigni scriptis ventus et aura tuis;)
Scilicet indomiti tandem vesania fati
Placari voluit nobiliore rogo:
Sævaque vulgares jam dedignata triumphos
Ostendit nimio plus licuisse sibi:
Unaque lux tanti nunc luctus conscia, peste (9)
Insolita quanti nec prior annus erat.

R. L.

appearance denies, your "Wisdom of the Ancients" proves it: the certain token of your advanced age. For to live is not to outlast the lustrums of crows, but to be able to enjoy past life.

G. Nash, Pembroke Hall.

28.

Of the Late Floods.

Eridanus (6) had let loose the floods of his swollen waters: he had loosed them; and great fear fell on men: since fearing the times of the great cataclysm of Pyrrha (7) they believed that the flood would increase with like inundation. That (event) had been wild grief and tears for the coming death, and offerings fit to be furnished for the recent obsequies (8). It is clear that your death, most illustrious man, affects even rivers, much more human beings and the sad hearts of men.

James.

29.

On the Death of the Right Honourable Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, Baron Verulam, etc.

Do we then bewail you too? And you, who were able to immortalize the Muses, could you die yourself, O Bacon? Will you then no longer enjoy the upper air? (The wind and the air deserve not that you should write their history.) It is evident the frenzy of uncontrollable fate longed to be appeased with an uncommon funeral pile: and now fiercely scorning vulgar triumphs she ostentatiously shows that much too much has been put into her power: and one day is now conscious of grief as great as not all the previous year was, notwithstanding an unusually severe visitation of the plague (9).

NOTES.

1. Naso. Ovid was a great favourite with Bacon.

2. *Replesti mundum scriptis*, you have filled the world with your writings. *Cf.* supra Elegy 22. Here we have emphatic corroboration of Bacon's widespread relations both as author and otherwise with Elizabethan and Jacobean literature. People laugh at some Baconians for claiming vastly more for Bacon than the "immortal plays," but this contemporary evidence "should give us pause" before drawing the line at the Shakespeare works. Moreover, it is to be noted that it is chiefly as a poet, the votary, nay the leader, of Apollo and the Muses, that Bacon is held up to admiration by these Latin versifiers.

3. Rhadamanthus, son of Zeus and Europa, for his justice made one of the judges in the next life.

4. *Summum sophiæ magistrum*, Aristotle, called by Dante "master of them that know." He called his logic the Ὄργανον, the instrument (of reason), which suggested to Bacon the title of his work.

Contrasted ideas run through the stanzas of this poem, which makes clearer what the writer meant. In the second stanza Bacon's new method, as opposed to Aristotle's, is alluded to, and besides, organs and members provide a punning antithesis. In the third stanza "modern premisses" must mean facts or examples, and this with the indirect question (*sensus ratione*) shows how *conclusum* is to be interpreted.

5. *Cf.*, *Cani autem sunt sensus hominis, et ætas senectutis vita immaculata*, but the understanding of a man is gray hairs, and a spotless life is old age. (Wisdom iv. 8.)

6. Eridanus, a river god, the Po, subject to devastating floods. One of these must have happened shortly before Bacon's death.

7. Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha were the only mortals saved on account of their piety, when Zeus destroyed by a great flood the degenerate race of men.

8. *Justa*—funeral rites.

9. The plague raged in London the year before Bacon's death.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

Modern Anonymity

DURING the past few months the expedience and prevalence of anonymity even in these prosaic and unhazardous days of the XXth. Century have been brought rather prominently before the public.

With the death of the lamented Dr. Garnett has come the disclosure that under the pseudonym of "A. G. Trent" (an anagram of "Garnett") he was a contributor to the literature of Astrology and was a student, if not a believer, in the science.

In the March (1906) No. of the *Fortnightly Review* there is an article by Mrs. Katherine Tynan dealing with the mysterious relationship between the late William Sharp and his literary mask, "Fiona Macleod." This case is one of exceptional interest to Baconians. It now transpires that in order to preserve his anonymity, Sharp passed off a lady confederate as the distinguished but elusive authoress. On one occasion this lady was introduced as Miss Fiona Macleod, on another she wrote to the Press protesting at the unmannerly inquisitiveness which intruded so persistently on her privacy. "Fiona," says Mrs. Tynan, "was an indefatigable letter-writer, and kept herself in sisterly touch with all that was congenial to her in the literature of the day." "Who it was," she continues, "that wrote Fiona Macleod's letters is yet a mystery. That the dual personality did not write in different hands seems proved by the fact that when Mr. Sharp was abroad Miss Macleod's letter came from Edinbro' as steadily as ever. The same lady perhaps impersonated Fiona Macleod when Mr. Sharp took her to see the greatest of our novelists, a thing which would be altogether reprehensible if there were not some such explanation as my correspondent suggests."

The explanation suggested is that the soul of Mr. Sharp was obsessed at times by a different personality and that "Fiona Macleod" was a mental entity as real as he. The idea is certainly suggestive, and in all probability it will prove to be the solution of many other somewhat similar problems.

At the moment it is sufficient to comment upon the ease with which even nowadays, with the light of publicity beating upon an author, he can if he will throw dust in the eyes of public opinion and maintain his privacy. To Bacon, with certainly his prospects and in all probability his life at stake, the problem must have been of far more easy solution. With the instance of William Sharp before their eyes we imagine our Shakespearean critics will be a little more careful in their outcries at "impossibility."

James Martineau

[We have been favoured by Dr. Theobald with the following letter from Dr. Martineau, written in 1895.]

The Polchar, Rothiemurchus, Aviemore, N.B.,
July 12th, 1895.

My Dear Sir,—I must rely on your forbearance to pardon my delay in answering your kind letter of the 20th ult. Necessary preoccupations detained me till to-day from the interesting pamphlet, without a knowledge of which I could not be sure of rightly replying to your main question. The assumption of Plato that *Wonder* is the primitive intellectual impulse whence all philosophy springs has, perhaps, its most emphatic expression in his *Theætetas* 155 D, where he says: "Wonder is the special affection of a philosopher; for philosophy has no other starting point than this, and it is a happy genealogy which makes *Iris* the daughter of *Thaumes; i.e.*, which treats the messenger of the gods, the winged thought that passes to and fro between heaven and earth and brings them into communion as the child of Wonder. Aristotle, in his more prosaic way, makes the same assumption in his Metaphysics i. 2. To prevent misrepresentation of the principle, I have commented upon it in "Types of Ethical Theory," Vol. II., page 141. My knowledge of the literature of the Renaissance is so slight that I have no right to any confident opinion respecting the origin and order of its characteristic phenomena. But I am inclined to think that, on the removal of the barriers which had so long kept back the Greek literature from contact with the European mind, its influence burst in a flood upon the thirsting genius of Italy and the Western nations; and that Platonic ideas in particular, as most relieving to the dry scholasticism worked up out of Aristotle, were diffused and absorbed in eager drafts till they became an element in the common literary thought, first of Italy and thence of the wider republic of letters, far beyond the limits of Greek reading in the originals. The dialect and general conceptions of philosophy and even of the sciences became changed and brought into nearer conformity with a pantheistic representation of the world.

I should not be surprised if some of the coincidences between Bacon and Shakespeare, which appear to be *identical characteristics*, proved explicable as *current commonplaces* of contemporary literary coteries. I admit, however, the striking character of several of your instances. But I cannot recognise in Bacon's writings, notwithstanding his command of figurative expression and illustration, anything like the creative imagination and various insight into human character and life, which are so commanding in Shakespeare. Your essay curiously recalls to me the first opening to me of the Bacon-Shakespeare theory some 40 to 45 years ago by an American, *Miss Bacon* (its originator, as far

as I know), who was introduced to me by Emerson on her pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, and visited me in Liverpool, and with whom I had long discussions, interesting but unconvincing to me. She was a very attractive and ingenious person, overwrought at last, I have been told, by her own enthusiasm.

It is very pleasant to hear that my old miscellaneous Essays retain some little interest for a reader who comes to them under the stronger light of the present day. I have allowed them to reappear, not because they satisfy me, but rather because they show the process which has led me to find satisfaction beyond them. It is astonishing to me that any honest-thinking person can pretend to live by the standards of any fixed Church and Creed in an age which has given us the insight we now possess into the early history of Christianity and the growth of doctrine through the first three centuries. The divinest spiritual revelation is disguised and deformed by the barbarous formulas of a semi-pagan theology. I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

"Letters from the Dead"

FOR persons not especially learned to inquire into this controversy by reading a dozen or two of the books on both sides is a puzzling and interesting diversion, but any such who attempt to reach a positive conclusion in the matter will be helplessly entangled in a maddening chaos of conflicting testimonies. The present writer remained in this predicament for years, quite unable to choose between the Shakspere and Bacon hypotheses, but of late is rather inclined to side with the advocates of the latter.

One of the latest to engage in this exasperating and paradoxical strife among the learned of various grades, that has raged so for forty years, is the earnestly fantastic and enigmatical work, with an uncanny title, by "Oliver Lector"—he affecting to be only its editor. He is plainly an eminent pundit of so wide range and high ability that for me venturing to discuss his book it were best to do so timidly, accepting without question the ghostly interlocutors and what they say—but not always the editor's part. Mr. Lector is imperious and peremptory, slighting all Baconians not on the same track as himself. Ignoring the efforts of others, he assumes to be the first to connect the Shakespeare Plays with the *Novum Organum*, although four several authors have done the same before him. He out-ranks them, however, in being withal an expert mathematician, whereby he seems to contribute an entirely new element to the discussion, and a vital one. Bacon hitherto was supposed to have been wanting in mathematics, the sharpest and surest tool of use in Science and essential in all sciences, because hardly

more than a general notion of it appears in his works, until Oliver Lector uncovers this facet of the many-sided genius by reading a silly little cryptogram he finds in first line of Sonnet 122, edition of 1609. It seems that Bacon the wise was so absurd as to sink this secret three centuries deep in time on the small chance that someone would fish it up. Lector is the lucky one, and his fetching pull proves equal to the task. The secret thus brought to light is that Bacon was deeply mathematical, knew the radical principles of all logarithmic tables when 33 years old, and had found the "true specific difference" between the base, 10, of the Briggs logarithms and the fraction $\frac{1}{2{\cdot}7182818}$ which is the base of Napier's system. Our author says that this difference is "the five numbers 9·6321," a loose way of expressing it, for it is in fact one number of five figures. Computing it myself, the number, more precisely, will be 9·6321205. Also, Lector is the first to show that what the text-books call Naperian logarithms are certainly not Napier's, but are calculated to a different base.

His elaborate analysis of the situation reveals that Bacon was early aware that his philosophy must have a mathematical foundation, and he obtained it in the specific difference of those bases; that he denominates "his form" and makes it the key to his greatest work. Herein is the ground and warrant of Lector's disdain for those Baconians unable to use that key. See his entire exposition, concluded on pages 58 and 59, of his superior standing upon the logs and cryptograms. He declares that there is extant a copy of each of those two books of logarithms containing notes and calculations in Bacon's hand, which he will in due time produce as full and formal proof that logarithms play a leading part in the Baconian Induction, and are the sole scientific clue to its oneness with the Shakspearian works; while any amount of parallelism in thought and language is but probability, not certainty.

Though my slight account can merely suggest the peculiar force and value of this work, it can point out the errors of inattention too often committed. Of the curious Glossary appended nearly one-third consists of cheap scraps of easy Latin familiar even to me. One of these is *mendacia visa*, and is well illustrated on page 54, where four falses occur in three lines of Prospero's speech and the name Montagu is mis-spelt. On page 47 a textual obscurity from *Hamlet* is wrongly located in Scene II. of Act i., and the fitness of the reference to St. John's Gospel is too dubious indeed; and there are further errors in quotation. Oliver asking for more attention to the eel and snail and logs, etc., in those queer emblems by De Bruck is of a pedantic gravity, lacking the saving sense of humour, whereas Bacon himself hints that there is some jocosity there (page 11). Though no great shakes (pear) of a poet he is quite a dabster at it, as a lot of nice specimens of no mean strain duly attest. Upon the whole a great work, perhaps a trifle luny. J. G. Dalton.

Mr. Edwin Reed's New Book

MESSRS. GAY AND BIRD send us a copy of "Coincidences," Mr. Edwin Reed's latest work. It is written in the clear-cut and scholarly style to which Mr. Reed has accustomed us, and, although for the most part a reprint of facts which have previously appeared in print, contains many new points which Baconians cannot afford to miss.

Francis Beacon—A Coincidence

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—I have elsewhere asserted that the name Bacon is frequently to be found inscribed upon the walls of that literary Temple—The Elizabethan Drama. As a rule this is done in a striking and unnatural manner. What for instance could be more forced than the following passage interpolated into Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy?*

> Why might not a man love a calf as well
> Or might impassion o'er a frisking kid
> As for a son? Methinks a young bacon
> Or a fine little smooth horsecolt
> Should move a man as much as doth a son.—III. xi.

The nonsense here is as remarkable as the close juxtaposition of the names "kid" and "bacon." It is no exaggeration to say, that the name "Bacon" occurs once in every six plays of the period, if not oftener. There is a suspicious introduction and association of the name in Marlowe's *Faustus.*

> My grandfather was a gammon of bacon, . . .
> And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus works.

Commentators are puzzled to explain who "Albanus" was; some assume the name to be an error and print "Albertus" instead. Assuming official opinion to be correct, the Baconian theory a fantastic crudity, and Bacon to have had in reality no relations whatever with the drama, it is a most astonishing coincidence and one against which the chances must be almost millions to one, to find the uncommon name "Francis Bacon" as it were *shouted* from the pages of the Drama as in the scenes following.

In the Elizabethan period the Beacon was pronounced Bacon. This is shown in an anagram addressed to the Lord Chancellor by Sir John Davies—

> "To the Right Honourable Sir Francis Bacon Knight
> Lord High Chancellor of England
> Anagrm (Beacone
> (Beacon
> Thy virtuous office joyne with Fate
> To make thee the bright Beacon of the State."

To the present day the natives of Somerset speak of Dunkerry Beacon as "the Bacon."

HAROLD BAYLEY.

From *Henry IV.*, Part I., Act II., Sc. 4. (1598—1623.)

Prince.—Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and **FRANCIS** (the proverbial "*Harry*" has to make way for "*Francis*"). . . . But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come I prythee do thou stand in some by-room whilst I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar, and do thou never leave calling "**FRANCIS,**" that his tale to me may be nothing but, Anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins.—**FRANCIS!**
Pr.—Thou art perfect.
Poins.—**FRANCIS.**

Enter Drawer.

Fr.—Anon, anon, Sir, Look down into the pomgarnet, Ralph.
Pr.—Come hither, **FRANCIS.**
Fr.—My Lord.
Pr.—How long hast thou to serve **FRANCIS?**
Fra.—Forsooth five years and as much as to—
Poins.—**FRANCIS.**
Fr.—Anon, anon, Sir.
Pr.—Five years! Byrlady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, **FRANCIS,** darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?
Fr.—O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart.
Poins.—**FRANCIS.**
Fr.—Anon, anon, Sir.
Pr.—How old art thou, **FRANCIS?**
Fr.—Let me see, about Michaelmas I shall be—
Poins.—**FRANCIS.**
Fr.—Anon, Sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.
Pr.—Nay, but hark you, **FRANCIS,** for the sugar thou gavest me 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?
Fr.—O Lord, Sir, I would it had been two.
Pr.—I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.
Poins.—**FRANCIS.**
Fr.—Anon, anon.
Pr.—Anon, **FRANCIS?** No, **FRANCIS,** but to-morrow, **FRANCIS,** or, **FRANCIS,** on Thursday, or indeed, **FRANCIS,** when thou wilt. But, **FRANCIS**—
Fr.—My Lord.
Pr.—. . . Look you, **FRANCIS,** your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to so much.
Fr.—What, Sir?
Poins.—**FRANCIS.**
Pr.—Away you rogue, dost thou hear them call? . . . What's o'clock **FRANCIS?**

From *The True Chronicle History of King Leir.* (1593—1605).

Enter a Captain of the Watch and 2 Watchmen.

Captain.—My honest friends, it is your turn to-night
To watch this place near about the **BEACON**
And vigilantly have regard
If any fleet of ships pass hitherward
Which if you do, your office is to fire
The **BEACON** presently and raise the town. (*Exit.*)

1 Watch.—Aye, aye, aye, fear nothing; we know our charge I warrant; I have been a watchman about this **BEACON** this thirty year; and yet I ne'er see it stir but stood as quietly as might be.

2 Watch.—Faith, neighbour, and you'll follow my advice; instead of watching the **BEACON** we'll go to Goodman Gennings and watch a pot of ale and a rasher of **BACON** and if we do not drink ourselves drunk then so I warrant, the **BEACON** will see us when we come out again.

1 Watch.—Aye, but how if somebody excuse us to the captain.

2 Watch.—'Tis no matter; I'll prove by good reason that we watch the **BEACON**, as for example.

1 Watch.—I hope you do not call us by craft neighbour.

2 Watch.—No, no, but for example; say here stands the pot of ale, that's the **BEACON**.

1 Watch.—Aye, aye, 'tis a very good **BEACON**.

2 Watch.—Well, say here stands your nose, that's the fire.

1 Watch.—Indeed, I must confess 'tis somewhat red.

2 Watch.—I see, come marching in a dish, half a score pieces of salt **BACON**.

1 Watch.—I understand your meaning, that's as much to say half a score ships.

2 Watch.—True, you conster right, presently like a faithful watchman, I fire the **BEACON** and call up the town.

1 Watch.—Aye, that's as much to say, you set your nose to the pot and drink up the drink.

2 Watch.—You are in the right; let's go fire the **BEACON**. (*Exuent.*)

Alarum, with men and women half naked: enter two Captains without doublets, with swords.

1 Captain.—Where are these villains that were set to watch
And fire the **BEACON** if occasion served?

2 Captain.—This 'tis, to have the **BEACON** so near the Alehouse.

Enter the Watchmen drunk, each with a pot.

1 Captain.—Out on ye villains, whither run ye now?

1 Watch.—To fire the town and call up the **BEACON**.

2 Watch.—No, no, Sir; to fire the **BEACON**. (*He drinks.*)

2 Captain.—What, with a pot of ale you drunken rogue?

1 Captain.—You'll fire the **BEACON** when the town is lost.
I'll teach you how to tend your office better. (*Draws to stab them.*)

Mr. Sydney Grundy on Bacon

IN the issues of May 5th and 12th of *The Free Lance* Mr. Sydney Grundy criticises Oliver Lector's "Letters from the Dead." "Bacon," says Mr. Grundy, "was like Nature steeped in mysticism. One of his myriad minds seems to have been dedicated to the invention and solution of riddles.

"The ingenuity in the interpretation of myths displayed in Chapter XIII. before mentioned, and in that strange book of his, 'The Wisdom of the Ancients,' was only equalled by his ingenuity in devising them. The riddles of the universe were too transparent to his astounding brain. He must infold them in other riddles, just as he infolded his ciphers. Moreover, well he understood the hypnotism which mystery practises upon men, the longevity which it confers upon literature.

"The vitality of 'Shakespeare' is partly due to the large vagueness in which his work is enshrouded. Every commentator upon him is an advertiser; every guess made at the rebus helps to keep it alive. To the mystery of the work he would add the mystery of the man. The Shakespeare-Bacon tournament he himself arranged."

It is agreeable to find so distinguished an advocate on our side. If we do not quote more of Mr. Grundy's views it is in order that the reader may refer to the articles themselves.

"Elia" and "Shakespeare"

A BACONIAN PARALLEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

WHEN Charles Lamb's well-known "Essays of Elia" first appeared in the pages of the *London Magazine* the author was a clerk in the India House, and Mr. Elia, whose name he assumed, was at one time also a clerk in that establishment. Elia died, however, before the Essays were made public, and never knew of Lamb's intention to honour his name. This, it will be observed, is a parallel case to the issue of certain of the Marlowe and Shakespeare plays by Bacon several years after the respective deaths of their ostensible authors.

E. BASIL LUPTON.

"New Shakespeareana"

THE arrangement by which Members of the Bacon Society were supplied with gratis copies of our esteemed contemporary, *New Shakespeareana*, has, we regret, fallen through.

A limited number of subscriptions to *New Shakespeareana* will be received by the Bacon Society at the special terms of five shillings per annum.